

VOLUME VIII.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1892.

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## STYLES OF THE DAY

Newport at a Concert and on the Hunting Field.

## SOME FASHIONS IN MILLINERY

The Carriage Procession Along the Ocean Drive—The Tan Stocking as it is Worn—Fancies.

Where will you meet the prettiest women and see the latest summer costumes? At a morning concert at the Newport Casino, if the day is not too warm and you chance to have good fortune. The arched entrance is dusty enough, and I wouldn't care to warrant the music always. But the grass is delightfully fresh and cool in the inner court, and as the summer beauties begin to gather, shade upon shade of delicate foliage green, with pale and deep yellow, dark pansy and light heliotrope tints, shadowy water blue and deep sky blue, dull red and burnished copper and rich brown, rose pink and other pinks all around with orange, cream-colored frocks and white frocks spread a flower-like variety before your eyes.

Mrs. William C. Whitney had a pretty group about her this morning, her slim young daughter being not its least attractive component feature. Her blue and white lawn frock had three infinitesimal blue ribbon ruffles at its foot, and about her shoulders was folded a white Marie Antoinette fichu, its ends crossed in front and tied in a loose knot at the waist behind. Her sleeves came just to the elbows and were finished with lace frills, and her picturesque cottage bonnet with its flaring pale brim had a muslin scarf twisted around its crown and tied below the chin in long streamers. The quaint ruffled costume was eminently suitable to the place and occasion, and proved as successful as Mr. Whitney's recent political plannings.

Miss Whitney, who will be out next winter, but who seems to enjoy riding about with her brother Harold in a smart new red and green imported turnout better than indulging in society gayeties this summer, wore a simple green batiste frock with a broad black sash and a white guipure collarette coming to the wrist, very nearly. Her little white straw sailor hat had a big disk of green chiffon in front and was tied with chiffon strings.

A handsome Russian woman with a title wore a white flannel frock with a long Hungarian scarf or sash of white silk striped with green and crimson thrown about her shoulders and draped in soft folds to her waist, one long fringed end hanging nearly to the ground. This made the most picturesque



MIDSUMMER MILLINERY.

the back and yellow bows on the shoulders finished a piquant costume. Her white mull hat had a lace brim and trimmings of purple clematis blossoms. She had a white and gray foulard parasol.

Millinery at all Newport gatherings is decidedly picturesque this summer. You see tall high crowns and small conical crowns and stiff salons and soft, broad-brimmed Italian straw hats in wanton disregard of any and all possible standards. One hat has a turned up brim in the back where all the trimming is gathered, and the next has a high arrangement in front or at one side. One woman wears masses of ostrich feathers and the next light rose wreaths or bunches of cherries or poms. The prettiest hat I have seen this week was a tallish Arlesienne shape with a twist of wild white clematis about its crown and broad white mull streamers.

Mrs. Grenville Kane was over from the pier yesterday wearing a pale, white, high green ruffled straw hat of picturesque shape almost hidden under masses of sweet peas. It had broad soft pale green crepe strings and streamers to match the full blouse front and sash of her trim black cloth tailor gown.

Miss Mannice, the belle of the pier, got up a little dinner at the Casino a few evenings ago, which started out to be very informal and ended by becoming the prettiest thing of the sort this summer. The tables were decked with blue and white pond lilies floating among lily pads in crystal boats. Trails of the wild white clematis were festooned from corner to corner and knotted with blue and white ribbons.

There were some very pretty toilets, though all were informal, that of Miss Mannice herself being one of the most noteworthy, with its white velvet skirt banded at the bottom with blue ribbon, a narrow edge of white chenille standing out in a feathery puff on either side of the ribbon. The blouse bodice of fan-plaited white mull was fastened with a blue ribbon belt, crossing and recrossing, and edged with chenille. The sleeves had long plaited mull puffs to the elbows and ribbon and chenille as wrist finishings.

Another of the more striking frocks was a pale gray silk worn by a girl with fuzzy pale yellow hair and blue eyes. It had a long Russian blouse bodice made almost like a priest's cassock or



AT THE CASINO.

costume of the day, unless one counts the curious eccentricities in veils, from which Newport no more than the rest of the summer world can claim immunity. Swathed in white tulle, the girls go about as if they had strayed from a Constantinian harem; the transparent, enveloping folds come to their hips and blow with their never-failing ribbon streamers in the wind.

At the concerts the veiled maidens sit with a certain air of remoteness about them; supposed, I fancy, to awaken interest or pique curiosity. There was one lily girl in white, white dirndl with broad crown and high white bows; white face, fair and delicate, with the faintest flush of color; white flowered muslin dress with white ribbon sash and low white shoes and full white veil which you might call a tent, or, if you felt poetic, a mist shutting all these various whitenesses under cover.

Another rendezvous for smart costumes of a different sort is the hunt of the anise bag, which doesn't seem worth the trouble of chasing, but which serves as well as another excuse, perhaps, to bring out the fact that Newport has greatly relaxed the old-time rigor of the riding costume. You don't need to go to the meet to discover that, though, for almost any morning if you look up from under the oak along the ocean drive, where you have been reading or dreaming, as the clatter of hoofs draws near you will see a young woman on a chestnut mare and wearing a royal blue habit bound with narrow gold braid. Her blue sailor hat is trimmed with blue and gold ribbons. This is Miss Charlotte Brown, of Philadelphia, one of the prettiest girls at Newport and one of the best riders. Other girls wear silk blouses instead of habit basques, and take it all in all, the riding rule has been let down very close to a go-as-you-please.

Calvin S. Brown's daughter rides a tall gray horse and wears a smart and beautiful gray gown with black braid finishing and a black sailor hat with gray ribbons. At her belt is always a huge bunch of sweet peas.

The carriage costumes at the driving hour are as well worth seeing as anything in the fashion and frivolities line, unless it be the carriages themselves. Mr. Brown's mail phaeton is about as unique as anything on wheels here, and is looked at as much almost as the white liveries of the Townsend garden parties with their conspicuous green trimmings. Mrs. Theodore A. Haver-



VEILED MAIDENS.

a paleot, and cut out with a deep opening in front to show a blue silk bodice below it; it had no sleeves, the blue puffs belonging to the under bodice answering all purposes. It was belted and lined with blue, and worn with a large dark blue straw hat, with silver-gray ribbons.

The tan-colored stocking reigns in Newport. You see it on every crossing. It is just a shade darker than the rustic shoe and it is silk almost universally. You can hardly tell from browned and shining leg when it is worn by a youngster of either sex, for the young aristocracy of Newport lies in sun baths until its short-stocking members are as dark as West Indians. No such hallucination is possible, of course, with older outgoings. The tan stocking is really a more effective thing than the black stocking, especially when the tan shoe is tied up with blue ribbons.

ELLEN OSBORN.

Try Killian's baking powder, guaranteed equal to Price's or Royal, or money refunded. Only 25 cents per pound.

## MAY KILL A WORLD

Course of the Cholera Epidemic in Asia and Europe.

## APPEARANCE ON THE FRONTIER

It Ravages India in the South and Attacks Russia on the North—How Contagion is Prevented.

It is now two months since the cholera first made its appearance at Djambi, an unimportant place on the frontier line between Afghanistan and Persia, and the little flame of apprehension then kindled has since spread to a degree that has filled all Europe with alarm. The possible danger to which the United States has thus become exposed through the channels of immigration that discharge their currents within its borders creates a natural and widespread American interest in the subject. In spite of all efforts made to stem the danger, at the present writing it has assumed and retains a more formidable aspect than ever before. The extension of the trouble into Russia, where it first took root and which we must now consider the most prolific source of danger to ourselves, at once suggests the importance of our getting the Russian version of the matter in preference to those necessarily garbled accounts which filter into our newspapers through English sources.

The truth is that we must seek for the birthplace of the cholera epidemic within the confines of British India or at least in those sections of the Indian empire which are practically under British control. In Russia a grave suspicion exists that the English resident at Kabul, in Afghanistan, known more of true in wisdom of the difficulty than he or his superiors have ever been willing to admit. As early as the 30th of April last several cases of cholera were reported in the valley of the Helmand, a river that flows between Kandahar and the Persian frontier.

The British resident hearing of the outbreak sent a cipher dispatch to the government officials at Calcutta, whence instructions were forwarded to Lahore directing the shipment of disinfectants in quantities to the Anglo-Afghan border. No public explanation was made for this action, as it was considered advisable to keep matters quiet. Meanwhile the Russian governor of Samarkand, Count Rostoff, received information



GEN. COUNT ROSTOFF, GOVERNOR OF TRANS-CASPIA.

that which gave him reasonable cause to form the conclusion that at the instance of the Indian government cholera patients were being quietly carted over to Persian territory from Afghanistan and there left to shift for themselves.

In seeking to trace the origin of the trouble it must fairly be admitted that the Transcaspian railway, notwithstanding its manifest advantage, has from the start favored the dissemination of disease. It traverses a desert region which before its construction acted as a barrier between Russia and Asia, effectually shutting off the possibility of transmitting disease. Now that the railroad is an accomplished fact, connecting the Central Asian and European provinces of Russia, it is perfectly easy for infection to be carried to and fro. Baku, the great port on the eastern side of the Caspian sea, has proved in the present instance the first step of the contagion. Being the western terminus of the Transcaspian railroad system, it is the entrepot of commerce between Asia and European Russia, and its malign influence as a center of infection can scarcely be underestimated.

The writer's knowledge of the town suggests some interesting details, which are especially timely. It is a populous city, containing a distinctly "floating" population. They come and go, successively seeking, finding and abandoning the employment which is there obtainable in connection with the great petroleum springs and the railroad freight sheds. They are mainly composed of Persians, Bokharites, Khivans, Turcomans and the most repulsive description of low class Hebrews. The prevailing racial characteristics there is Asiatic, and it is superfluous to say that it carries with it the inevitable accompaniment of uncleanness. There is thus confronting the observer of social conditions in Baku a state of affairs which, apart from its individual interest, supplies a general key to the position Russia occupies toward other nations in the face of the present cholera crisis. However, find a congregation of human souls which herds and almost intolerably horrible sanitary surroundings and menacing other nations by reason of its migratory tendency. The petroleum industry subordinates all other commercial interests to its predominant claims. Even the common necessities of sanitation are disregarded in the pursuit of gain, and the largest employers of labor—the Nobel brothers, who principally control the output of the oil wells, are comparatively indifferent to the condition of their employees. Perhaps they cannot be criticized very sharply for this, because they are dealing with a class of men practically unamenable to considerations of decency, as understood by Aryan peoples. The towns of Baku are almost destitute of drainage

and apart from the few government buildings it contains a collection of poor and squalid dwellings overcrowded with their miserable tenants.

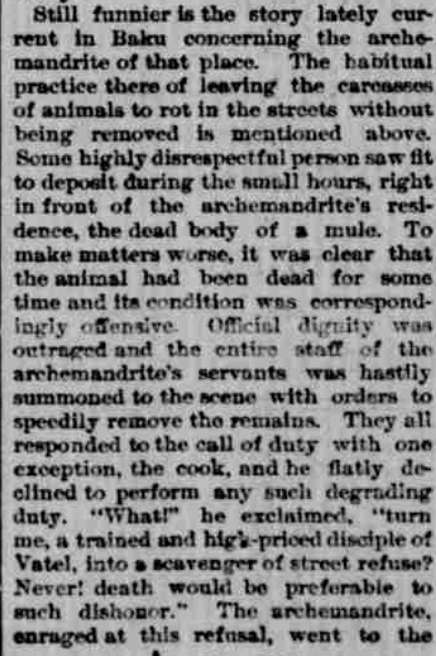
Many drastic measures have been taken along the Russo-Persian and Afghan frontiers, and numerous fugitives have been shot down and speared by Cossack cordons in their attempts to cross over into Russian soil. The orders under which these guards were acting simply admitted of no half measures. In the midst of such horrors one turns with a certain sense of relief to the reverse side of the medal, in other words, to the humors of the situation. A good story is thus being told at Mew of a Russian doctor who was sent over the Afghan frontier to an outpost north of Herat to open negotiations with the local sirdar on the subject of the cholera cordon. The Muscovite physician was a large and heavy man and



FUGITIVE FROM THE FIRST ON THE AP-GHAN FRONTIER.

he was accompanied by a Cossack escort. The sirdar invited him to join his cortege, which was just starting on a tour of inspection, and proposed that they could thus obtain an opportunity for arriving at an intelligent idea of the general situation. The sirdar's invariable custom was to travel in company with his three wives, and the first night the entire party camped together amid some ancient ruins for the purpose of enjoying a much-needed rest. Now, it so happened that the Russian doctor went to bed in an unusually exalted state of mind, consequently upon too generous indulgence in the hospitality of the sirdar's table. During the night the watchful Afghan sentries descried a white object crawling stealthily in the direction of the tent occupied by the sirdar's wives. They ran toward the mysterious object and cautiously followed in its wake. They had not long to wait before the figure, which was that of a man, clad in scanty undergarments, reached the ladies' tent and attempted to pass under it, much in the fashion of the small boy who seeks a surreptitious view of a circus show. The instant the ghostly form betrayed its full design a jabbed it in the rear with his hooked spear, when a sharp cry rang out and the wounded man rolled on his back. The slight injury, however, that he had sustained, was nothing to the disgrace of the exposure, for the culprit was none other than the Russian medical officer himself. The sentries would not allow him to go back to his tent, but held him prisoner till daylight, and had it not been for the interference of the Cossack escort, peeping Tom would have fared badly.

Still funnier is the story lately current in Baku concerning the arch-mandrill of that place. The habitual practice there of leaving the carcasses of animals to rot in the streets without being removed is mentioned above. Some highly disrespectful person saw fit to deposit during the small hours, right in front of the arch-mandrill's residence, the dead body of a mule. To make matters worse, it was clear that the animal had been dead for some time and its condition was correspondingly offensive. Official dignity was outraged and the entire staff of the arch-mandrill's servants was hastily summoned to the scene with orders to speedily remove the remains. They all responded to the call of duty with one exception, the cook, and he flatly declined to perform any such degrading duty. "What!" he exclaimed, "turn me, a trained and high-priced disciple of Vatel, into a scavenger of street refuse? Never! death would be preferable to such dishonor." The arch-mandrill, enraged at this refusal, went to the



STREET IN BAKU.

length of threatening the obstinate cook with corporal punishment till the latter finally gave in and took his part in removing the mule. Next day the family of the arch-mandrill were served at dinner with a dish which emitted a very suspicious odor. It was highly, even extravagantly, seasoned. The cook was interrogated as to its composition, and replied that it was a ragout of English jagged hare and had been purposely allowed to become "high" before its preparation for the table. The dish was partaken of but the diners were soon attacked with serious symptoms. Suspicion being directed to the cook, this worthy, after due coercion, confessed that from motives of revenge for having been forced to remove the mule, he had secretly cut off a piece of the tainted flesh and by the exercise of all the ingenuity of his art had succeeded in making a palatable dish for the family table. He is now on his way to the Tobolsk penal settlement for a prolonged term.

There are 250 different styles of center tables at Heermann & Co's this week. It is the largest line ever shown in Michigan.

## VICTIM OF FAT MEN

Howard Fielding Tells a Harrowing Weather Story.

## HOW HE TRIED TO KEEP WARM

With the Thermometer at Ninety Degrees—Points on the Dissemination of Rank Poison by the Young.

I have a desk in an office which is simply a calaboose built on the roof of a seven-story structure, and reached by so many flights of stairs that nobody but my creditors have the courage to walk up in this hot weather, and when they get there they have not breath enough left to run me very hard. This was among the advantages pointed out to me when I first visited the office. I was also informed that the place was always provided with a cool breeze in a summer's day, no matter how many people might be getting sunstruck on the street. I wish to make a record of this because it is the first instance of veracity that I have encountered in my experience with people who rent things.

Personally I don't care anything about the cool breeze. I am never too warm in summer. Perhaps this is because I am built so that when a torrid sunbeam falls upon me there is room for only a part of it to work, while the remainder hangs around my edges waiting for me to move.

But three of them are different. There are three men in the office with me, and they suffer terribly. Part of their misery is due to the fact that they wear scientific clothing. They appear every morning in negligé shirts which stick to their bodies like mustard plasters. They spend large sums on patent ventilated underclothing, which would better be sent to the relief of the Peary expedition in Greenland. Meanwhile I sit there—or rather used to during the first hot days—with a boiled shirt, a high collar and a high-intellectual brow that is never eroded by perspiration.

I advised McGillis, the artist (waist measure sixty-one inches), to wear ordinary white man's clothes and he would be much cooler.

"Fielding," said he, "you carry less meat than a turkey wing fricassee. What do you know about hot weather?"

Then he rolled up the sleeves of his patent refrigerating flannel shirt, thereby making a red-hot streak around his arms where the folds of the sleeves bound him.

"What we need," said he, "is another window in this place."

"Look here, McGillis," I protested, "I'm in a draft now all the time, and



FAT AND LEAN.

it'll be the death of me. We don't need any more windows."

But at this point Billings, the poet (who when he jumps into the water at Asbury park raises the tide all along the Jersey shore), chimed in with a suggestion for cutting down one end of the room and swinging it on hinges.

It is only a shanty of boards that we inhabit, and the agent of the building, above the roof of which we stick out into the air, made no objection to Billings' plan. When this gigantic door was opened it let in a small hurricane directly upon my back. I should certainly have caught the worst kind of a midsummer cold on the very first day if it hadn't been that Billings was so overjoyed at the success of his invention that he stood in the doorway nearly all day, and though it was almost six feet wide, his presence was as good as having the door shut.

That was what McGillis thought about it, and he objected so strenuously that Billings put his wits to work and invented another door for McGillis. This, when it was constructed, proved to be not so favorably situated with reference to the prevailing wind as Billings' door, so McGillis decided that something was necessary to produce a draft. The window over my desk (which they both insisted should be always open) did not satisfy McGillis even when the entire sash was taken out, so he persuaded the agent to let him cut two holes in the wall, one on each side of the window.

The next day after these holes were made was raw and uncomfortable. Billings and McGillis said that it was the day they'd been longing for. A cold and slimy wind was cooing up the East river. McGillis called it a refreshing breeze, and he stepped out upon the roof to enjoy it, leaving his door open behind him. Then Billings did the same trick, and I turned up my coat collar and shivered. The wind increased during the day till it amounted to half a gale. My fat friends lay back in their chairs with their mouths open and gulped down the foggy air. Meanwhile I was struggling with a literary production into which I was throwing my best touches. It was an important piece of writing, designed to be twenty-two inches wide, with pictures in it. Most of it was about soap, but the remainder was made up of delicate touches descriptive of the home life of the man who made the soap. I was able to put it down over my own signature that I had been to dinner at the soap gentleman's house (by assignment from the business office of our paper), and had had much more to eat than I ordinarily got at home.

Well, this elaborate bit of character painting was being blown about fearfully by the wind which came in at the door designed by Mr. Billings and went out by the two holes in the wall, after

creating a cooling premise on the backs of my men that made them stand out from my head like the masts of a schooner going "wind and wind." Several times a page would be washed through the window and then I would chase it over the roof and catch it just as my forehead was trembling on the brink of destruction.

On the next day I had such a cold that all the handkerchiefs my washerwoman had brought me—of which three belonged to me and nine with holes in them belonged to others—were not adequate to my needs. I looked reproachfully at McGillis and Billings, but they told me that my affliction was due to my inferior practice of keeping the office so hot that when I got out into the street I naturally took a chill. They suggested putting a scuttle in the roof, over my head, in order to equalize the temperature.

At lunch time I had no appetite, but it seemed best to go to a drug store and get a dose of something. I didn't know what—none of us do in New York. We simply go to the soda counter and explain what is the matter with us to the boy in charge. The practice of serving



THE PURSUIT OF LITERATURE.

medicines of a new and improved sort over the soda counter has become so common in New York that there are few, if any, forms of death which are not within the reach of the humblest of our citizens.

There were many large bottles behind this soda counter, and some of them were plainly labeled with the certificates of their utility. There was Jerry's headache mixture, which, I think, could hardly fail to produce a satisfactory headache in any person if taken according to directions, and many others equally good.

Frank, the boy behind the counter, was in equally good spirits on this day. He is more than fourteen years old and is thoroughly competent to deal out all the medicine that any reasonable man could wish to absorb with a glass of soda.

"Cold?" he inquired. "What was it that the doctor gave that feller that was in here before? Darned if I can remember, but I guess it came out of this bottle."

"If you're not sure," said I, "you'd better ask somebody."

"All right," said he, "the doctor may be in half an hour."

I couldn't possibly wait. We are all of us in a great hurry in New York. We cannot waste time in idle argument. If we want medicine we must have it right away, quick.

"Very well," said I to Frank, "you may give me anything you have in stock."

He measured out half a glass of something and then absent-mindedly gave it to another man who had come in some time after I did, and, indeed, had not yet given his order. This was a distinct violation of the rules of the establishment, which was managed very carefully, so that the first man up to the fountain gets his medicine first. I do not know what happened to the gentleman who got my medicine. I heard an ambulance going in the street some minutes later, but it may have been ringing for somebody else. However, Frank gave me my potion eventually, and I took it hastily, for I had already wasted much valuable time.

I walked four blocks and then went into the doctor's branch store and asked the boy to give me something which would neutralize the effect of what I had taken in the main store. He reached for a bottle marked "simple drunk," and I carried three fingers of it away with me. That was a few days ago, and I am now dictating this story to Maudie,



THE DOCTOR.

who is the only one in our family who is able to be up and about. I realize that the story is somewhat fragmentary and incomplete, but that is the fault of the drugstore boys. They gave me something lingering, so that I cannot tell whether to put a triangle and to this story, or to keep it within the milder aseries of melodrama.

HOWARD FIELDING.

## A Woman Flood.

A laboring woman in the city of Lille, France, had a quarrel with her husband and was greatly excited about it. Not so the man, who took it easy and went to sleep. When he was fast asleep the woman saturated his clothes with petroleum and applied a match. The poor fellow was asleep before he awoke, and when he jumped up his eyes were blinded already and the smoke nearly suffocated him. He ran to and fro, knocking against everything in the room and unable to find the door. When the neighbors heard his cries and came to help him he was lying on the ground almost burnt to a crisp. The French newspapers were found standing in the half-opened door to the next room still glowing over the horrid spectacle the two holes in the wall, after

## MET TO MEET AGAIN

The Fruit Growers Elected Officers Yesterday.

## ESTIMATES FOR THE SEASON

Prospects for a Full Crop—Members to Be Tased According to the Amount of Fruit Raised.

The adjourned annual meeting of the Grand Rapids fruit growers was held yesterday afternoon on the top floor of the court house. About fifty were in attendance.

R. D. Graham acted as chairman and the secretary, William K. Munson, kept the minutes. Mr. Munson, as chairman of a committee appointed one week ago, reported the progress of negotiations with C. E. Gill, superintendent of transportation of New York, on reclassification of peaches. No reply has as yet been received from Mr. Gill.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer, which were submitted last week, were again read for the benefit of those that were unable to attend the last meeting.

J. A. Pearce reported that C. L. Whitney, secretary of the West Michigan society, had tendered the Fruit Growers' society the use of desk room in his office under the Morton.

At this moment the custodian of the building announced that a larger room could be used by the society if desired, as there were more in attendance than could be accommodated in the committee room where the meeting was being held. Mr. Pearce facetiously moved that the society move, which was done, and an adjournment was taken to the next room.

R. C. Sessions moved that the society proceed to the election of officers by informal ballot, which was adopted and Mr. Sessions and D. Conn were appointed tellers. The first informal ballot for president resulted as follows: Henry Smith, 15; R. D. Graham, 16; scattering, 8. When the result was announced Mr. Smith declined the honor as he was too busy to accept the office. On formal ballot Mr. Graham received 17 votes, 20 being cast, and on motion he was made the unanimous choice for president.

William K. Munson, the efficient secretary, was re-elected by a unanimous rising vote, but declined the office as he felt that he could not do the work for the money. Last year the society voted to pay Mr. Munson \$100, but he received only \$30.47 as less than \$100 was received during the year and there was considerable expense for printing, etc. Upon being asked what he would be willing to do the work for another year, he answered that he would do the work for \$75 and donate the \$25. In discussing the matter of ways and means it was decided to fix the membership fee at \$1 per year. It was also decided that each member pay at the rate of \$1 per thousand for fruit, the membership fee of \$1 being counted for the first thousand bushels. H. O. Braman was elected treasurer and the members of the executive committee were elected as follows: Henry Smith, Dennis Conn and R. C. Sessions.

A committee consisting of Henry Smith, J. A. Pearce and George W. Thompson, was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws. They will report at a meeting to be held Saturday, August 13, at the court house.

Those that had given in estimates of the coming crop of fruit made a total of 28,850 bushels of peaches, 1,578 bushels of plums, 200 bushels of pears, 2,500 bushels of apples and 127½ tons of grapes. This is but a small percent of the entire crop, however, as few reported.

## DEATH IN THE BATH.

Vapors of Mount Vesuvius Cure the Croup of Bill the Barber.

When Charles Boner was in Transylvania he visited Mount Vesuvius, a volcano which is never in actual eruption, but is all the time sending out sulphuretted hydrogen gas. In particular there are two caves or cliffs in the whitish gray rock, out of which this gas issues mixed with carbonic acid, is emitted with special freedom. The principal one of these caves is about twenty paces in depth, and as will be seen from Mr. Boner's description, is much frequented as a health resort.

To enter the cave in safety one must be taken not to draw the breath. A long respiration is made before rushing in, the nostrils are closed, and then with hasty steps the farther extremity is reached.

"A pricking feeling in the eyes is caused by the warm atmosphere. From the feet upwards the whole body has the agreeable sensation of a gentle heat playing around every limb. But your stock of breath is exhausted, and you run back to the open air."

"The day before I was there a man had committed suicide by jumping a step or two. He dropped at once, and when a shepherd, who was tending his flocks on the opposite hillside, and who saw him enter, came across to look for him, he was dead."

"The vapors of the cave are highly valued as a cure for the croup, and diseases of the eyes. At the end of the cavern a taster, slightly worn liquid, clear as crystal, falls slowly, drop by drop, from the rock—the result, probably, of the condensed vapors rising from below."

"A brown drizzle worn by those who take the vapors is light. They go in, remain as long as they can hold their breath, then run out, breathing and go in again."

"The second cave is not far away, and is called the Murderer. It is lying past the opening, birds drop dead upon the ground. Close to the entrance I found a jay that had just met its death. I thought of the ups and downs and its victims."

A Bad Shot Hit.

First Crook—How did you get hurt?  
Second Crook—I was shot by a police man.

First Crook—My! my! Whose dog was he shooting at?—N. Y. Weekly.

A Good Description.

"Withen," said the boy's uncle, "do you know what a crooked is?"  
"Yeth," replied Withen. "It's a boy with a yeth, like a cunny."